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be post paid.

JOB WORK
Of every description, executed in the neatest
manner, at the usual prices.
OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle
county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river
with the Illinois, 290 miles by water, from Saint
Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

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A Summer Morning in the Country.
BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

How sweetly on the hill-side sleeps
The sunlight with its quivering rays!
The verdant trees that crown the steep
Grow greener in the quivering breeze;
While all the air that round us floats
With subtle wing, breathes only life—
And, ringing with a thousand notes,
The woods with song are rife.
Why, this is nature's holiday!
She puts her gayest mantle on—
And, sparkling o'er their pebbly way,
With gladder shouts the brooklets run;
The birds and breezes seem to give
A sweeter cadence to their song—
A brighter life the insects live
That float in life along.
'The cattle on a thousand hills,'
The fleecy flocks that dot the vale,
All joy alike in life, that fills
The air, and breathes in every gale!
And who that has a heart and eye
To feel the bliss and drink it in,
But pants, for scenes like these, to fly
The city's smoke and din—
A sweet companionship to hold
With Nature in her forest-bowers,
And learn the gentle lessons told
By singing birds and opening flowers?
Nor do they'er who love her lore—
Though books have power to stir my heart,
Yet Nature's varied page can more
Of rapturous joy impart.
No selfish joy—if Duty calls,
Not sullenly I turn from these—
Though dear the dash of waterfalls
The wind's low voice among the trees.
Birds, flowers, and flocks; for God hath taught:
Oh keep my heart the lesson still—
His soul, alone, with bliss is fraught,
Who dreads the Father's will!

A Happy New Year.
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEARSON.

"A happy New Year, sweetest," cried
Charles Barton to his young wife, as he
entered from the counting room, to make
some particular arrangement.
"Thank you, dear Charles," she an-
swered, clasping his neck with her round
white arms; "but then how can one be
happy who is tantalized by ungratified
wishes?"
"What do you mean, dearest?" he re-
plied in a voice of surprise and solicitude;
"what wish have you ungratified?"
"Oh! I do not be alarmed, Charles, but
if you really wish me a happy New Year,
you must make me happy by giving me
a New Year's present." The husband
was mute.
"I know," she continued, "that I have
need of nothing, and yet there is some-
thing which I very much desire; I think
you will hardly refuse me on this first
New Year's day of our union. You know
that Mrs. Ellis and I were rivals in our
girlhood, and I do not like to see her
outdo me in splendor and elegance. Well,
when I called on her last week, I observ-
ed on her sideboard, a rich and superb
set of plate, and I long for a set of plate,
which shall outshine it. Now do not look
so grave. It will only cost a few
hundred, and we can economise a little
in something else, if it be necessary.
Come, say yes; and let us go and order
my magnificent set of plate."
"It will hardly be possible for me to
attend to you to-day, Charlotte, for I have
some particular calls to make, in which,
although I did not before mention it, I
now request that you will accompany
me."
"And we shall bespeak the plate to-
morrow?"

"Yes, love, if you please," replied
Charles; "and now be ready to go with
me in an hour."
"I wonder where he is going to take
me," mused Charlotte, as she tied on her
hat, and fastened her superb cloak.
Charles took her hand with a smile, and
they went into the sleigh. Their first
call was at a magnificent mansion, the
master of which met them in the hall with
a hearty welcome, and led them into a
parlor, furnished in a style of the most
costly splendor, beyond any that Mrs.
Barton had ever seen. The library, too,
was an enchanted hall. Mr. Allen treat-
ed them with polite familiarity; and on
their departure, presented the young
bride, as a New Year's gift, a beautifully
executed silver vase, crowned with an ar-
tificial rose bush, of enamelled gold, em-
eralds and rubies; and breathing rich in-
cense from the altar of roses with which
it was enriched. She was enraptured
with his courtesy and liberality. He had
called on them several times, and his
suavity and gentility of manner had won
her esteem, but she had never dreamed
of his being so immensely rich.
"Well, Charlotte," said Barton, as
they drove away, "how do you like my
friend and his residence?"
"Oh! he is a gentleman, and his house
is like a palace. But is it not strange
that such a wealthy man should be so
familiar with us?"
"Not at all, Charlotte. He was my
most intimate friend in College; we were
always competitors for the same prize,
and the same honor. I won most fre-
quently, and he was much richer than I,
but no jealousy awoke between us. And
now, I do not envy him, and he does not
despise me. We almost meet as friends,
and what would you think of me, Char-
lotte, if I were to undertake to furnish
my parlor and library like his?"
"I understand you, Charles, but then
there is not so great an inequality be-
tween you and Mr. Ellis, as between
Mr. Allen and you. But why stop here
at the Hospital?"
Barton did not answer, but assisting
her from the sleigh, led her trembling in-
to the receptacle of misery. Stopping at
a ward in which lay an emaciated female,
he bade her be seated; and after some
kind inquiries concerning the state of the
invalid, introduced his wife, and besought
the sufferer to tell her she was, and how
she came there.
"It is a bitter trial," commenced the
woman, "to recall my errors, sins and
sufferings; but since I owe you so much,
I will tell you all, in as few words as
possible. Lady, in my youth I was called
beautiful. I was a school-mate of
your husband's mother. I married first,
and although she soon after united her-
self with a wealthier man than my equal-
ly respectable Horace, still she treated
me with all the warmth of a sister's af-
fection. But from the day of her marriage
I felt an envy, the more criminal from its
being unprovoked. We set up in a gen-
tle style, my house being elegantly fur-
nished; but still Mrs. Barton, although an
unostentatious lady, had brilliant articles
that I had not. I could not rest. My
husband was a prudent man, but unfor-
tunately he loved me too well. I urged
him with tears and all manner of persua-
sions to purchase things which would
outvie Mrs. Barton's establishment. He
frequently warned me that we should be
undone, yet he still complied with my
extravagant demands. At length Mr.
Barton having made a successful specula-
tion purchased a beautiful span of horses
and a splendid equipage. I saw him
drive past with his lady, and my soul was
in agony until I forced a promise from
my poor husband to purchase a similar
equipage for me.
"As soon as I obtained it, I rode tri-
umphantly to Mrs. Barton's. She greet-
ed me as I thought sorrowfully, and sev-
eral times sighed as she looked sadly in
my face. At length I inquired the cause
of her uneasiness. 'My dear Ellen,' she
commenced, 'you know that I love you
sincerely, or I should not venture to say
what I imagine it my duty to tell you.
Your husband is an honorable man; but
you must be aware that he is considera-
bly in debt. Now creditors, you know,
exercise a kind of dictatorship over those
that owe them; and it is natural for them
to say, if Mr. — can afford his fami-
ly such and such indulgences, he might
certainly pay me. Now your husband's
creditors have long been grumbling at
what they are pleased to call his extrava-
gance, and I fear that when they see you
in your carriage, they will treat him with-
out mercy. I am sorry that my husband
went to the like unnecessary expense,
for I much fear that you were prompted
by emulation. Do not be offended,' said
she soothingly, and extended her hand,
but I drew back pettishly, and hurrying
from the house, regained my carriage,
sunk back in it, and wept all the way

home. I felt all the truth of her words,
but my pride rose against her; I was
offended that she should be aware of my
envy and emulation of her, and I vowed,
come what would, never to see her again.
But from that time the superfluous finery
gave me a feeling of guilt and fear. And
ruin soon came.
"My husband gave up all to his credi-
tors, and we were without a home. In
this hour of darkness, Mrs. Barton came,
and with words of consolation, offered
me a home with her as long as I pleased.
Would you believe that I haughtily re-
pulsed her kindness, although I had no
where to lay my head? My husband
knew not of her proffer, for I had taught
him to believe that she had grossly insulted
me, and spoke injuriously of him. He
hired a room and we removed. But he
was broken-hearted. He fell violently
sick, and actual want took hold on me.
At this a gentleman of our acquaintance
called on us, and with great delicacy re-
lieved our necessities. But my husband
died. Our friend took me to his home.
Alas! that the noblest feelings of our na-
ture are so nearly allied to sin. His
generous pity and my gratitude grew to-
gether into a guilty passion. Shall I say
on? I was lost. I sunk deeper and
deeper in infamy, until your husband
found me dying in the street. He brought
me hither. I shall soon die. But he
bids me hope that the pure God will, for
Jesus' sake, show mercy even unto me."
Barton thanked the weeping penitent,
and with his wife took his departure.
Charlotte felt the whole force of her
husband's silent admonition. She was
grieved, but as she looked into her own
spirit, she could not but confess that she
was naturally extravagant and proud.
Her father had possessed a mere compe-
tence, with which he managed to live
comfortably, and give his children the
advantages of education. Charlotte at
the boarding school felt many a pang, as
she compared her simple costume with
the costly dresses of her companions, and
compared her home with theirs. Now,
as her husband was richer than her father,
she considered him immensely wealthy;
and had resolved to be the finest lady in
the city. Barton had indulged her until
he found that she never would be satis-
fied, and he now had resolved to appeal
to her reason. He saw that she had read
his lesson, and forbore remark. The
flush of excited feeling faded from her
cheek, and she looked at him imploring-
ly, as he drew up in front of a small
house, in an unfashionable street. They
were admitted by a lovely woman, in
plain, neat clothing, who Charlotte im-
mediately recognized as a school com-
panion: a meek, gentle girl, much in her
own circumstances; and one whom she
had never envied; and had almost for-
gotten.
"You are welcome, dear Charlotte,"
she cried joyfully, "I am glad you are not
of those who go to the assessor's book to
find out the real value of their friends.
Pray lay off your cloak, and let us have a
friendly chat, after our long separation."
Then, as she served some excellent cake,
fruit, and wine, she continued, "I am hap-
py to see you the wife of Mr. Barton; I
know you must be happy, for his charac-
ter is well known, and you always had a
passion for magnificence, which truly be-
comes you. I never was ambitious of
aught in a husband but integrity and love,
and these it has pleased heaven to allot
me. And I am happy. I have no wish
beyond what I now enjoy. I want for
nothing; my home is like a bower of ro-
ses, where the dove builds her nest, and
the sun and the dew mingle together.
The world passes on with its pomp, and
pride, and ambition, but I heed it not;
for these things are not happiness. I
love and am beloved; and he from whom
comes every good and perfect gift, smiles
on this union of affection, and adds his
blessings, health and contentment. We
earn our daily bread, and it is invigorat-
ing. I would not exchange my situation
for that of the Queen of England."
"We have spent a very pleasant hour,"
said Mr. Barton, as they rose to depart.
"We shall insist on your visiting us, Mrs.
Green. Come, Charlotte, we have one
more call to make, and we must be at
home before our guests arrive."
"And as I suppose we shall go to the
ball this evening, we can call at the mil-
liner's and get my ball dress."
"Have you money with you, Char-
lotte?"
"I have one hundred dollars, which
will nearly reach the expenses, and I sup-
pose that you have your purse with you."
"I have; but here is a family on whom
our call is to be made."
"What, here! Does any body live here
in this old dilapidated ruin?"
"Come in, and we shall see."
They entered a miserable ruin, through
the chinks and shaking casements of
which the keen winds were whispering,

keeping the atmosphere far below the
freezing point in defiance of the scanty
fire that flickered in the chimney. Char-
lotte shuddered; but she soon forgot the
dwelling in the contemplation of its oc-
cupants. A shadow of a woman, with a
babe at her breast, sat beside a low bed,
with her elbow on the pillow and her
head upon her hand; her auburn hair
hung in dishevelled luxuriance around her
pale face; and from the long fringes of
her drooping eye-lids the big tears were
slowly falling. But there was neither sob
nor sigh, so deep, so weary was her sor-
row. A young man lay on the bed,
whose clustering black curls, glowing
cheeks, and brilliant eyes, contrasted strik-
ingly with the livid lip and brow, and
hand so like a withered lily. His quick
ear detected the presence of visitors; he
turned his head and sprang up with a glad
cry.
"Oh, Barton! have you come to soften
my death-bed? I thought I was forgot-
ten by all the world. Very different have
been our destinies since we played to-
gether under the old elms that shaded the
old school-house. Since the disastrous
fire that consumed my father's property
and my own, and left me with my young
bride, scarcely a month married, without
a house or a solitary dollar; I have seen
dark and sorrowful days. The general
calamity seemed to have swallowed up
individual sympathy, and there were so
many in want that none found relief. I,
however, obtained a situation as an under
clerk, in which capacity I served until
disease laid me upon this bed, from which
I shall arise no more. But how did you
discover me."
"Your physician appealed to me last
evening in your behalf, and when he men-
tioned your name, I resolved to see you
as soon as possible. It was the first in-
telligence I had received of you since
your marriage. In truth, Beaumont, my
mind was so occupied that I hardly thought
of you, or any of my early friends unless
I saw them, or their names mentioned.
But we must not lose time in idle chat;
the doctor thinks there is yet hope of your
recovery."
"Oh, repeat those blessed words again,"
cried Mrs. Beaumont, eagerly grasping
Barton's arm, "say once more there is
hope; for those words fall upon my burn-
ing spirit like refreshing rain upon the
scorched and flagging floweret."
"Mary! be calm, my love," said the
sick man, and his eyes filled with tears;
"this hope, like most of those that have
arisen in your pathway, will soon be lost
in the blackness of despair. I feel that
I must die. Do not weep so, Mary; we
must all die, and blessed are the dead that
die in the Lord. You will protect my
wife, Barton, and return her to her wid-
owed mother, and the widow's God will
comfort and support her, and our father-
less boy. Barton," said he, in a suppres-
sed voice, "we are suffering for lack of
food and fire."
"You shall be speedily provided with
all things necessary, and a servant also,"
said Barton.
"And if your lovely wife becomes a
widow," said Charlotte tremulously, "she
shall be taken care of. She shall live
with us and be my sister, if she will; or
I will accompany her to her mother's
dwelling."
"Bless you, bless both," murmured
Beaumont, and poor Mary clasped her
hands convulsively, as they departed to
procure and despatch to them the prom-
ised aid.
As they proceeded homeward, they
were suddenly accosted by a young man
of their acquaintance, with, "Mr. Barton,
please step into this house."
He immediately sprang from the sleigh,
handed out his wife, and opened the door
designated. Within all was confusion
and distress. In the centre of the room,
stood an iron-faced man, an officer of the
law, speaking in a threatening tone to a
pale, drooping fellow man, around whose
knees four little boys were clinging, while
a beautiful little girl, of probably ten
years, stood on a stool beside him, with
her arms about his neck, while the big
tears streamed down her rosy cheeks and
hung glittering in the dark locks upon his
temple. At the far side of the room, with
her face to the wall, sat a female sobbing,
convulsively over an infant which was
crying most piteously. There was scarcely
any furniture. "There is no use in all
this," continued the officer, "come along
I say."
"What has the poor man done?" trem-
ulously inquired Charlotte.
"I presume he cannot pay his debts,"
replied Barton.
"And are they going to take him to
prison?" she inquired with a shudder.
The weeping woman turned around.
"It is even so," she said. "He cannot
pay his debts. Last summer he lay sick
with the fever; after he began to recover,
those who had ostentatiously trusted us

during his sickness, sued for their dues,
and took away our furniture, and even the
tools from his workshop; thus, as it
were, cutting off his hands. Since then
he could scarce earn his bread, and all my
exertions would barely clothe the child-
ren, which has always been my task;
and now the doctor has sued him, and he
must go to jail, and we must starve."
"For what amount is the arrest?" asked
Barton of the officer.
"Thirty dollars, sir, and cost."
"Well, release the man, and call at my
office, I will pay the debt."
"You are a stranger to me, sir, and I
have lost so much by showing mercy to
these poor fellows, that I have grown cau-
tious."
"My name is Charles Barton, will you
take my security, sir."
"Oh certainly, sir."
"You are at liberty, Gilbert."
The wife sprang into her husband's
arms, and Barton and Charlotte hurried
from their eager expressions of grati-
tude.
"Will you call at the milliner's?" asked
Charles, as they re-entered the sleigh.
"Oh, no! I will not spend money for
such things any more. Never, never! I
gave my purse to that dear little girl that
clung to my pelisse. I will have no plate
neither, I can feel for the sick and suffer-
ing. I never knew till now, what money
was made for. I did not think there was
such misery in the world amongst deserv-
ing people. I thought that none but the
lazy and abandoned were utterly desti-
tute. But I shall never be happy again;
in the midst of plenty I shall think of
those who are perishing unpitied and un-
known."
"My dear Charlotte, if I thought that
we live only for ourselves, I would not
thus have pained you. I have heard man-
y assert that it was wrong to damp the
joyful young spirit with the knowledge of
human woe and destitution. But since
these things are, and must be, surely they
should know it, who have means to give
relief. I believe with the wise man, that
it is better to go to the house of mourn-
ing than the house of feasting; and, also,
that by sadness of the countenance, the
heart is made better. I am happy to find
the well of goodness in your young heart
so ready to overflow. I had rather my
wife should win the blessings of those
who were ready to perish, than the admi-
ration of the fashionable world. And in
the hour of death, Charlotte, for we must
all lay low, will not the money that we
have expended in love to our fellow crea-
tures appear richer than hoarded millions,
which we could enjoy no longer? Since
you have given up the ball, we will make
our arrangements, and go this evening to
carry consolation to the Beaumonts."
"With all my heart, dear Charles. It
will be a mournful pleasure, but one
which will never fail to give satisfaction
in the review. I shall no longer be a mere
cynical in society; and my only emula-
tion shall be the desire of rivaling you in
acts of kindness and benevolence."
"Bless you, love; you have made me
happy," cried Barton, tenderly; "and I
trust that not only you and I, but many a
reclaimed wanderer, and relieved sufferer,
will find abundant reason to remember this
as a happy New Year."
A Contented Farmer.
DR. LOFFLAND, the "Millford Bard," is the
author of the following fine article. It is
the production of a brilliant and cultivated mind;
now, alas, dimmed by that destroyer which has
prostrated so many noble minds. We commend
the perusal of the article to the attention of the
reader:
"Was there ever such a thing known, as a
Contented Farmer?"
The talented editors of the American
and Commercial Daily Advertiser, in their
paper of Thursday, ask the question which
I have placed at the head of this article.
I answer, yes, there have been and there
are now thousands of contented farmers.
Roll back the pages of ancient history.
Let us for a moment go back to mighty
Rome, where agriculture was held in the
highest estimation, and where such men
as Scipio, practised its pursuits. Here
too we see the great and glorious Cincin-
natus, guiding a plow and refusing the
brilliant offer of a crown—the crown of
the mistress of the world. Was not the
farmer Cincinnatus, happy, when he gave
up, or rather refused the grandeur of a
throne, and all the pomp, the pride and
pageantry of royalty, for the peace and
quiet of his domestic hearth? To him
the open field waving with golden grain,
the shady woodland, and the great church
of nature, were more attractive than the
splendors of Rome, "the Niobe of Na-
tions." Far dearer to him was the hum-
ble cottage of his childhood, than the
grand and gaudy palace of Cæsars'. He
was contented, and what cared he for the
renown of the proudest potentate that ever
swayed the scepter, or the mightiest he-
roes that ever baptized the world in blood?

The great book of nature was open before
him; and the morning hymns of the feath-
ered choir had more charms for him, than
music in the brilliant halls in the city of
Cæsars. In the beautiful flower that
bloomed at his door, he saw an emblem
of morality—in its fragrance and beauty
he fancied the virtues of the human char-
acter and in its fragile nature he saw an
emblem of the mutability of man.
I then ask the question, was not such
a farmer contented, when for his farm he
refused all the grandeur and glory, all the
pomp and splendor of the Roman power?
Happy in his humble home, he despised
the crimson robes of royalty and the de-
ceitful adulation of cringing courtiers.
Cincinnatus was emphatically a contented
man.
There are a few illiterate farmers,
whose idleness leads them to constant
complaint—they are never happy, they
are never contented. I am aware that
this is in the nature of man to complain;
it is a part of his constitution; it is his
make. But, nevertheless, there are hun-
dreds, nay thousands, of contented farmers.
Do you ask the reason why I think so? I
will tell you. I think he should be the
most contented of mortals, because he
has the greatest reason—greatest cause to
be so. In the first place, the farmer is
the most independent of all men, for he
is dependent on no one but God. He
sees the rain descend on his green fields,
and lifts his heart in gratitude to that
sublime being, who guides and governs
the universe. He can produce all he
needs; his house is a pattern of neatness,
and his daughters models of innocence
and virtue. They know not the hollow-
heartedness, the coquetry and frivolity of
the city. Like the poet Moore's charm-
ing girl:
"They blush when you praise them,
And weep when you blame them."
Seated around the homestead hearth
upon a winter's evening, who is so happy
as the farmer?
"The children, a group, cluster round
All smiling thro' roses of health;
Oh, where can those riches be found,
Surpassing the husbandman's wealth?
And oh! if there's gratitude due,
From all to the Father of love,
How oft should the Farmer renew
His thanks for those gifts from above."
The farmer's family is a family of
health. They show not the delicacy and
disease which harass the pampered sons
of the city. Truly they have not the re-
finement, the knowledge and luxury,
which are common in the city; but at
the same time, they have not the acute-
ness of sorrow and suffering which they
bring with them. Industry is the watch-
word of the farmer's family.
"For love of wealth some get ensnared
In speculation's toils,
And others when disasters come
Are scrambling for the spoils;
Still does the prudent farmer pay
To industry his vow,
Nor heeds the struggle nor the strife;
But steady guides the plow."
I have tasted of the luxuries of the city
and the country. I have stood in the
halls of grandeur and wealth, surrounded
by pomp and pride, and I have talked
love to the simple, but sincere and beau-
tiful girl in the cottage. Ah, yes, I have
kneelt at the feet of the proud, haughty,
and beautiful lady seated on the splendid
ottoman. But where did I find the most
contentment, and most happiness? Not
in the lordly halls of wealth, for pomp
and grandeur always carry with them,
like a rose, a thorn; while the modest
lily carries nothing but its loveliness and
charms. I love the city best because it
is my nature to wish to move amid con-
gregated men. I love the human race,
whether they shine in the gay and gaudy
saloon, or move in the silent fields.
But I do firmly believe, that the farm-
ers of our country are the happiest and
most contented men on earth. I believe
their wives and daughters to be patterns
of neatness, industry and virtue. In an-
cient Rome, the farmer was considered
the most respectable of all professions,
inasmuch as he was the ground work of
all, and from him they derived their sus-
tenance. There are many weak minded
persons who because wealth has raised
them above the necessity of following a
profession, affect to look down upon him
with contempt. Why? Because he labors
in the field, to feed such fellows as
he. It is always a mark of ignorance in
a man who despises honest industry, and
judges a man's character by his profes-
sion. How often is the mechanic thus
judged; and how often is the mechanic
thus unjustly condemned.
The Picaresque says: "The ladies in
Lafayette and Clay counties, Missouri,
have adopted as a rule never to marry a
man who owes the printer for more than
a year's subscription. Do you take, gen-
tlemen?"
None are so fond of secrets as those
who do not mean to keep them.